Prin. Were my Lord so, his ignoraunce were wise,
Where now his knowledge must proue ignorance.
I heare your grace hath sworne out House keeping:
Tis deadlie sinne to keepe that oath my Lord,
And sin to breake it: but pardon me, I am too sodaine bold,
To teach a teacher ill beseemeth mee.
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my comming,
And sodainelie resolue mee in my suite.

Nau. Madame I will, if sodainelie I may.

Prin. You will the sooner that I were awaie,
For youle proue periurde if you make me staie.

Berowne. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?

Kather. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?

Ber. I know you did.

Kath. How needles was it then to aske the question?

Ber. You must not be so quicke.

Kath. Tis long of you that spur me with such questions.

Ber. Your wit's too hot, it speedes too fast, twill tire.

Kath. Not till it leaue the rider in the mire.

Ber. What time a day?

Kath. The houre that fooles should aske.

Ber. Now faire befall your maske.

Kath. Faire fall the face it couers.

Ber. And send you manie louers.

Kath. Amen, so you be none.

Ber. Nay then will I be gon.

Ferd. Madame, your father heere doth intimate,
The payment of a hundred thousand Crownes,
Being but the one halfe of, of an intire summe,
Disbursed by my father in his warres.
But say that he, or we, as neither haue
Receiud that summe, yet there remaines vnpaide
A hundred thousand more, in suretie of the which,
One part of *Aquitaine* is bound to vs,
Although not valued to the monies worth.
If then the King your father will restore,
But that one halfe which is vnsatisfied,
We will giue vp our right in *Aquitaine*,

And holde faire faiendship with his Maiestie,
But that it seemes he little purposeth:
For here he doth demaund to haue repaide,
A hundred thousand Crownes, and not demaunds.
One paiment of a hundred thousand Crownes,
To haue his title liue in *Aquitaine*.
Which we much rather had depart withall,
And haue the money by our father lent,
Then *Aquitaine*, so guelded as it is.
Deare Princesse were not his requestes so farr
From reasons yeelding, your faire selfe should make
A yeelding gainst some reason in my brest,
And go well satisfied to France againe.

Prin. You do the King my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so vnseeming to confesse receit,
Of that which hath so faithfully been paide.

Ferd. I do protest I neuer heard of it:
And if you proue it, Ile repay it backe,
Or yeelde vp *Aquitaine*.

Princ. We arrest your worde.
Boyet you can produce acquittances,
For such a summe from special officers,
Of *Charles* his father.

Ferd. Satisfie mee so.

Boyet. So please your Grace, the packet is not come,
Where that and other specialties are bound:
To morrow you shall haue a sight of them.

Ferd. It shall suffise me; at which enteruiew,
All liberall reason I will yeelde vnto.
Meane time receiue such welcome at my hand,
As honor (without breach of honor) may,
Make tender of to thy true worthines.
You may not come (faire Princesse) within my gates,
But here without you shalbe so receiude,
As you shall deeme your selfe lodgd in my hart.
Though so denide faire harbour in my house,
Your owne good thoughtes excuse me, and farewell.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (De.3.74) Octavo